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LA SCAVA;

OR,

SOME ACCOUNT

OF AN

EXCAVATION OF A ROMAN TOWN

ON THE

HILL OF CHATELET,

IN CHAMPAGNE,

BETWEEN ST. DIZIER AND JOINVILLE,

DISCOVERED IN THE YEAR 1772:

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A JOURNEY TO THE SIMPLON,

BY LAUSANNE,

AND TO

MONT. BLANC,

THROUGH GENEVA:

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM PARIS IN 1791-2;" "THE
PRAISE OF PARIS IN 1802;" "A SLIGHT SKETCH IN 1814;"
"TWO TOURS IN 1817."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,

47, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1818.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

PRINTED BY J. BARNARD, ST. MARTIN'S LANE

1724

MDCCXXIV

Printed by J. BARNARD

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST, BY JOHN BURNET, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, IN TWO VOLUMES. LONDON, PRINTED BY J. BARNARD, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, 1724. MDCCXXIV.

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INTRODUCTION.

ALL the fine things in the splendid city of Paris are not in the Louvre, the Tuilleries, Elysée Bourbon, the King's Library, or other collections of books, pictures, prints, enamels, rings, seals, coins, and medals, most liberally thrown open to the publick, with every facility of access, nearly the whole year round. There are also pictures and statues of the first Italian masters, monumental inscriptions, Roman, Greek, and Egyptian antiquities to be found in private houses, chef-d'œuvres, and belle opere, such as Raphael's best and most famous picture, Lo Spasimo, such as Canova's capo-d'opera, La Maddalena, and La Terpsichore, the only statue to which this famous artist has put his name; a Holy Family, by Andrea del Sarto, in which the Angel Gabriel supplies the place of Joseph: such also as Roman, Greek, and Egyptian antiquities, and prints, not duplicates of the royal collection; such as natural history and mineralogy, and newly-discovered substances, which have not

yet found their way to the Jardin des Plantes. But of all the collections of antiquities called Roman and Greek, the most singular and most copious is, that of the Abbé Tersan, although his brightest gem has long ago passed into this country, and makes one of the finest bronze figures that is possessed by any cabinet. Besides the general collection of the Abbé in his principal apartment, he has a room filled with antiquities, dug up at Chatelet, between St. Dizier and Joinville, in Champagne, in 1772 and 1773, by order, and at the expense, of the king, of which an account was given in 1774; but now, as it is not easily to be found, it is proposed to present some memorial of it to the publick. The purchaser, indeed, of the antiquities of Chatelet has begun to make engravings of every thing he is possessed of, but being an octogenarian, it is doubtful if his descriptions and plates will be finished in his life-time. In the mean while it may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to print some general notice of what has been discovered, from the notes of M. Grignon, which may serve to explain the nature of the collection, that will one day, probably, form the

great work of the author of Denerie's famous catalogue of medals. Monsieur l'Abbé Tersan, nevertheless, enjoys good health and has the perfect use of his eyes, so as to enable him to read inscriptions in small characters without glasses.

LA SCAVA.

1824

LA SCAVA.

IN the year seventeen hundred and seventy-four, Monsieur Grignon, Master of the forges at Bayard, Correspondent of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions, Belles Lettres, and Sciences, at Paris, and Fellow of the Academy of Châlons, published at Bar-le-Duc, ‘Bulletin des Fouilles, faites par Ordre du Roi, d’une Ville Romaine, sur la Petite Montagne de Chatelet, entre St. Dizier et Joinville, en Champagne, découverte en 1772,’ with the following introduction:

“The eagerness of the learned in particular, and the curious in general, to be informed of the success of the excavations we have been making by the king’s order, and at his majesty’s

expense, in the environs of the Roman town, which we discovered in the year 1772, has determined us to answer collectively to all the letters, which we have received from different countries, and from almost every district of the kingdom, by a succinct detail of the antiquities which we have dug up in the last thirteen months, from the sixth of April 1773 to the thirty-first of May 1774.

STREETS.

In the course of the two last months we have finished the digging out in length and depth une superficie de terrain de 4818 square toises, in which is the greatest part of eleven streets, ninety houses, eight subterraneous temples, or œdicules, thirty-eight cellars, fourteen cisterns, forty-nine wells, thirty-seven latrines or privys, two fosses, and two potters'-ovens, four water-pipes of stone, and two of wood.

The streets are from fifteen to twenty feet in breadth, and very straight, paved regularly, or

with stones of unequal sizes, cemented with river pebble and gravel from the hill. The first pavement is composed of limestone, in pieces from six to seven inches square, laid flat, and the interstices filled with small gravel. The surface of this pavement is covered with the ruins to the depth of twenty-four and thirty inches. Under the pavement of one of the streets we found foundations of a house that had been probably thrown down to widen the road, and make it straight.

HOUSES.

The houses are for the most part spacious, and yet there are some grand with courts, which had colonnades, as it should seem, from the base still remaining, and the shafts buried in the ruins. The houses form, in general, long irregular squares, which are still to be traced out by the foundations that lie under the loose earth and rubbish, from eight to fifteen feet beneath the surface.

FOUNDATIONS.

The foundations, in general, even to the areas of the apartments, the temples, the cellars, the cisterns, although on the rock of the hill, are all placed on a bed of stones set on end, or slightly inclined to each other, and bound together with lime, and calcarious cement.

ÆDICULES.

The rich individuals and the most devout, it appears, had their crypts, or subterraneous chapels. These small temples were all of them nearly of the same form, but of different dimensions, some seven by eight, others nine by fifteen in length and breadth. The descent to them was by a stone staircase, of which the steps, having been turned, were, in some places, on both sides much worn. Each step was from seven to nine inches high, with a projection of ten, and all of one stone.

A window so contrived as to diverge the rays

of light lit the staircase, at the foot of which was a door, of which the embrasure was composed of four stones only, two for the side-posts, and two for the threshold and the lintel. This door opened into a porch or pronaus of the temple, of four feet broad by twelve long, lit by the window of the staircase. The walls of the chapels were painted in fresco, in large compartments of different colours, and adorned with altars and statues. They had each two embrasures or openings, to give them light, from three to four feet wide.

CELLARS.

The cellars differ from the chapels in having no intermediate porch. They were lit by two or more windows, according to their extent. Some were eight feet by twelve, others ten by thirteen; the largest, twelve by thirty, had a well in it.

CISTERNS.

The cisterns in general are square, and

from six to eight feet wide, and from fifteen to eighteen deep.

WELLS.

There are a great many wells from three to six feet in diameter, and almost all circular. One only we found to be oval, and from top to bottom of the same shape. Another was square six feet from its mouth, and round all below. These wells are walled from seven to nine feet downwards, and then cut through the rock; the deepest is fifty-five feet without a spring. In one there was a little water. It is probable these wells were nothing more than drains, as there are no springs in the hill, but at its base, or the sources have taken another direction. We found many fragments of beautiful pottery at the bottom of the wells, which the slaves probably had thrown in to conceal their awkwardness from their master.

LATRINES.

The latrines, or houses of ease, were either

square, circular, or semi-circular; their shape, and the black and foetid earth we got out of them, shewed plainly their use and designation.

POTTERS'-PITS.

These pits, or fosses, are nine feet deep, four long, and six wide. We found in them a greenish earth, light and slaty, of a fine grain, and somewhat sandy.

POTERS'-OVENS.

Stone Water-pipes.

Stone-pipes, forty-feet in length, that brought water from the hill into a great cistern.

Wooden Pipes.

On opening a trench two feet and a half wide, and fifty toises long, three hundred feet nearly, was discovered a water-pipe made of wood, entirely decayed. We found others that were bound with iron at regular intervals.

GOLD.

We have seen nothing more in gold than a few fragments of small tubes, one medal, and one ring; et le revêtissement d'un vase en cuivre doré tres dégradé.

SILVER.

A spoon with an oval bason, and a long and delicate handle, and where it is inserted in the bason it is pierced by a round hole.

CLASP.

A clasp, or fibule, of great beauty, and well preserved, adorned with oak-acorns.

MEDALS.

We have collected twenty coins of pure silver, some also fourrées, or plated on iron, others copper washed, saucées, with silver. One consular, of the Livineia family, with Regulus on it, and one of a colony of Asia.

TIN.

An amorphous mass of pure tin, and one small tube like the tag of a lace.

ZINC.

A small bar of zinc, which had been forged, or beat out in part. The same use was made of this metal as is at present. It was mixed with other metals. There is an iron mine in the neighbourhood, that abounds with zinc.

LEAD.

Fragments of laminated lead, or lead in plates or tables; also amorphous masses of lead run, or melted, for cramps in masonry; also weights of various shapes and sizes.

BRONZE.

We shall include under the article bronze, not only the antiques made of rosette, or pure copper, but also the laitton or mixed metal, bronze proprement dit, prince's metal, &c.

We shall be the more minute, because we propose to view the objects hereafter, not only as antiquaries, but as chemists and natural historians.

Mercury.

A statue of Mercury of fine work, and well preserved. The god is naked, and seated on a rock, on one side of which is a ram on his haunches, and on the other, a cock on his feet. The base on which these figures rest is a platform of a triangular form; at the summit of the principal angle is a land-tortoise, on which Mercury supports his right foot; in one hand he holds a purse, in the other a caduceus; his head his winged, but he has no petasus; his hair is curled, and his cast of face is interesting. Another Mercury has a petasus, and wears an exomide, in which the right shoulder is uncovered, and to which there is but one sleeve.

Jupiter.

A Jupiter with the usual attributes. The

god is naked, except his legs, which are clothed, semi-ocreata. In his right hand he holds a thunder-bolt, raised to the height of his head; his left hand rests on a wheel of six rays; but the most curious attribute is, a large moveable ring passing through the left arm, and traversing the shoulder, et est enfilé dans un œillet, qui sort des deux omoplates de la statue, et en fait partie. On this ring are threaded nine rings, formés en S à double volute.

Hercules.

A naked Hercules, bending forward like Atlas; on his left shoulder is the lion's skin; behind the right a quiver full of arrows; in his left hand a bow, whilst his right rests on a club.

Statue of a Young Man.

Le simulacre d'un jeune homme frisé en éventail; with his right hand he compresse un corps cylindrique qu'il appuie sur sa poitrine

serrée d'une bande; with his left he covers le pubis, and has two œillets, like the preceding figures, one qui sort des deux omoplates, and the other from the heels. The feet of the statue are united behind, pour former un second œillet.

A Boar.

This boar has also two œillets, one on the left shoulder, and the other on the left haunch.

Ram.

A small ram, a raven, a duck, all of corresponding proportions with the statues already mentioned, which are palmaires of the size of the Roman palm, eight inches six lines and a half.

Bracteole.

A circular thin plate representing, in bas-relief, a human head of terrific aspect.

Patera.

Three pateras, of which the handles are the only parts well preserved; one of these handles

is flat, plain, with a circular termination, another is cylindrical, and ends in a platine angulare that supports the head of a goat. In the centre of the arch, by which the handle was soldered to the bason of the patera, there is a human head; and at the two extremities of the arch heads of fantastic animals much drawn out in length. The handle of the third est tourné en fuseaux tronques, united to the centre by an olive; the exterior is terminated by the head of a grey-hound.

Spoons.

Spoons of various shapes. Some are simply oval in the bason, narrowing towards the handle. Others have cone-shaped ears, like our ice-spoons. Others are circular, more or less deep; some are very narrow, scooped out longitudinally, in the form of olive-leaves. The handles of these spoons are either cylindrical, or grooved: unis ou avec des cordons, et des renforts, terminated in points, or by olive buds.

Fork.

A small fork of two prongs.

Lamps.

Lamps of different forms, and hooks to suspend them of various shapes.

Handles.

Handles of acerra, or of jewel-boxes. Acerra is a censer set by the bed of the deceased, on which the relations burnt incense till the funeral. These articles are well made and in good preservation. One was for the cover, or lid, the other for the side, because the under part of this last is smooth. The ornaments that decorate these pieces are stalks with loose spikes joined to the centre by an olive.

Phallus.

Three Phalluses to hang round the neck, from which it may be inferred, that the women

of this town worshipped the god of Lampsacus.
One of these articles is triple.

Phaleres.

Two phaleres, which were appendages of helmets, and harness, as horse-trappings.

Amulets.

An amulet of a spherical form, an inch and a half in diameter, with its ring. It is composed of two semi-circular capsules, that shut up one in the other. We were surprised to find on opening it a plant folded with great nicety, and well enough preserved to be recognised for the Lotus odorant d'Egypte, a plant of a sweet balsamic smell, and held in veneration.

Cassolettes.

Perfume boxes of various forms.

Half of a Roman Foot.

Divided into palms, digits, and inches.

Balances.

Two beams of small scales, one of which is damasked, or ornamented with silver; also two dishes of balances not pairs, pierced each with three holes disposed triangularly; also a steelyard with a hook, to which the thing to be weighed was fastened. This is in the best preservation, and is graduated duodecimally, and was aurificis statera, whilst the balance is called by Cicero, popularis trutina.

Roman Rings.

Rings of all sizes to fit men, women, and children. Some are square, others half flat, and thicker than they are wide; others semicircular, some round, some oval. We distinguish the anneaux des bagues, which have a bezel, or place for a stone to be set in. The only rings that have stones in them are of iron; two of this sort are of glass, and one has MAIVS upon it. Some are in silver, many in copper.

Stones of Rings.

There is one in blue, a false stone, on which is engraved a cupid, who holds a helmet in one hand, and a spear in the other, which rests on his shoulder. On another, an onyx, is written NOX. On a third, Cupid and Hymen are separated by a perpendicular line.

Among these false stones are two precious ones, a jasper of an oval form, on which is a cupid holding a butterfly in his fingers, whose wings are spread, as a symbol of inconstancy. Another is an agate, on which is a head of perfect beauty. A large ring on which is the idol of Lampsacus in high-relief.

Pins.

Large and long pins, to fasten the hair, mounted with false blue stones at one end, taillées en dodécaèdre, like garnets; also a needle used in tapestry-work.

Instruments of Surgery.

Probes with obtuse terminations, and per-

forations. Spatulas of different sizes. Leaves of myrtle,

Formosæ myrtus Veneri ———

——— Veneri gratissima myrtus.

Forcipes with hinges and springs ; small palettes, like poëlettes, small basins to hold blood.

Ear-pickers.

Etui de poche. Cases for the pocket.

Broken mirrors.

A vessel to hold ink.

A pen to write with like our silver and steel pens.

Filigrane.

A piece in filigrane like a flattened sphere, with a round hole to the center. It is made of twisted wire, joined together like the meshes of a net.

Tubes.

Some of which have been gilt, they are small and almost capillary ; others are large and conical, like the nose of a pair of bellows ; others with rings.

Bells.

Tintinnabula of various forms and sizes.

Keys

In great abundance in copper and iron, some in iron with copper handles. Some, small ones, with rings attached to them to be worn on the fingers; one partly bronze and partly iron, with a square shaft adorned with bands and astragals, and ending in the head of a chien-dogue, or bull-dog, with his mouth open in the act of barking, a symbol of security. Two other keys end in fleurs de lis, well designed; two others in lions of barbarous work. Many of the keys, in copper or bronze, are very like our own.

Fibules, or Clasps

Of all sorts and sizes, from one inch to four in length, square, circular, and in the shape of a lozenge, adorned with engravings, relief or mosaick work; others in the form of various animals, such as fishes, dogs, peacocks; some

garnished with precious stones, talc, some enamelled, some washed with silver.

Springs

Which have not lost their elasticity.

Bracelets

Of different sizes, very simple and unadorned.

Rings

For bunches of keys, with a hook like that of an ear-ring.

Frames,

Of which the mouldings are more or less finished.

Hinges

Of small chests and great doors.

Wheels

Of an inch and a half in diameter, well made and well preserved; others from a quarter of an inch to three quarters nearly in diameter, properly small circles with two diameters, that cross each other at right angles to the centre.

Nails

Of different lengths and forms, some are like our gilt furniture-nails, others with round heads, others flat and tapering.

Vase.

A small globe-shaped vase, two inches and a half in diameter, terminated by a narrow neck, with a wide mouth. The vase is ornamented with horizontal and perpendicular lines, separated by a band that runs round the centre.

Dishes.

Three dishes, one of which is ornamented in the handles with flowers, and eighteen inches long, with a basin three quarters of an inch nearly in depth. The others are only eight and seven inches, with a basin of the same depth as the long one, and the same ornaments.

Chains.

Chains twisted like our jack-chains, some

with flat meshes, others wove with much art and delicacy.

Medals.

There have been collected, in the course of our researches, three thousand four hundred coins, of which nine hundred are Gaulic. The Romans, especially the large brass, are in very bad condition. They begin with Julius Cæsar and go down with few interruptions to Constantius Augustus, nearly to the end of the fourth century. There are some well preserved, and some as they came from the mint: in the list given by Monsieur Grignon is Annia Faustina, of which he takes no notice. This coin of Annia Faustina, third wife of Heliogabalus, in any metal is of the greatest rarity. There is also a Pertinax, but no Pescennius Nigér, or Annius Verus.

IRON

The article of iron is immense, upon which the rust has acted so forcibly as to decompose

the pieces that were most exposed to its action; some, however, have escaped, by being covered with limestone, which was calcined when the town was besieged.

Anvil.

Among the things preserved, that have not lost their shape and character, is a blacksmith's anvil of a quadrangular form; also one of another sort, round at one end and square at the other, used apparently by workers in copper.

Mandrin.

A turning instrument, hollowed like the neck of a bottle, for the purpose of rounding iron rods.

Nails

Of all sizes and all shapes.

Spits

From three inches in length to eighteen, with round or square heads.

Tools.

Nippers, small pincers, compasses, files, saws, un pied d'ecrevisse de Menuisier, a hatchet, ditto a small one with two edges in different directions.

Knives.

An assassin's knife sica, a carpenter's ax, dolabra, a priest's knife, secspita cultri et cultelli, for sacrifices. Knives for domestic use of all sorts, but none with a spring. Some are set in bone, some in horn, with a hole at the end to hang it up.

Steels

For giving an edge, and the sharpening of cutting instruments.

Scissars.

Shears of different sizes. Scythes with teeth, in the form of crescents, or only curved at the end.

Chisels

Of all trades, carpenter, scooper, turner, sculptor.

Locks and Keys

Of all sorts and kinds; hooks to draw back the bolts of doors; rings for water-pipes, thick in the middle and tapering at the edges; hooks for fishermen; filieres, or gold, silver, copper, and iron wire-drawers; bits with small chains for horses; large fibules or clasps for the common people; kitchen utensils of all kinds in great abundance.

STONES.

We have found no work in marble finished and complete, but fragments of stone prepared and preparing; pieces of verd antique and serpentine; two small round stones of quartz, twenty inches in diameter, with holes in the centre, like mill-stones; two slate-tiles, three quarters of an inch thick.

Whetstones.

Eighty whetstones and upwards, of different forms, grain, and quality, have been found in

this town, a proof that the number of workmen could not be inconsiderable: on some of these are seen impressions made by different tools, such as the awl, the punch, and the graver.

Masses of fine grès rouge, proper for the sharpening of workmen's tools. Shell limestone was used for the pavement of the streets, granite for mill-stones; and lava, in which were quartz-crystals, and basalt served also for the grinding of hard bodies.

SCULPTURE.

Part of the cornishes, and many of the columns of the peristyle, or circular range of pillars of the principal temple, of the Corinthian order, has been discovered. The pillars still retain their high polish; but the round mouldings, and the fleurons have not been finished with the same care and attention.

STATUES.

We have dug up few statues entire; the frail nature of the material, the catastrophe that laid

the town in ruins, the file of time, and the accidents inseparable from excavation, are so many causes of destruction, that work together, and increase the difficulty of raising any thing that has lain long buried in the earth, whole and unbroken. The most perfect that have been extricated from the rubbish are, a Mercury, or bust of that god, ending at the shoulders. The face has been painted, the hair of the head is graceful, the petasus has no wings.

Venus.

A statue of Venus, callipugos Afroditée, large as life, with a scarf over her shoulders, the legs and arms are broke, the nose unhurt.

A new born Infant

Swathed with bands and rollers like a mummy; the head, which has no hair on it, and the feet, are the only parts visible.

A Group.

On a long stone of figures, a cubit each in

length : A naked Neptune, with a trident in his right hand, on his left is a dolphin, reclining on his breast, one foot of the god rests on a flowing urn. The second figure has drapery on it, and holds in the right hand a thong, or lash, without a handle, and the left rests on the thigh of the figure. The third is Apollo, with a corps conique in his right hand, in his left a lyre, by his side a griffin. The fourth is Minerva, with a shield in one hand and a lance in the other. Of the fifth the bust only remains. The sculpture is not in the best style. A caryatide unfinished. A hand, and the insigne of the divinity of Lampsacus, which, from their proportions, have belonged to a colossal statue of twelve feet high, that most probably had been mutilated by the soldiers who sacked the city.

FIRE-PLACES.

In the under-ground crypts were foyers, or hearths, in which coals still remained. The fire-places are regular cubes hollowed within, in the

shape of two funnels united at their summits. Bathing tubs for children, pipes to convey the water from the houses into cisterns, and spouts to carry it off the houses.

EARTHS

Which furnished varieties of pottery of different colours, white, yellow, red, green, black, and gray, with a tint of red; of all of which watering-pots, jars, and jugs were made; and glazed with a varnish of lead. The red earth was used for bricks, some of which were twenty two inches long, twelve broad, and two thick. The most precious vases were made of red earth, varnished with red, and highly polished, and richly ornamented with relief. The ornaments are very chaste, and we may say with Propertius, they were done at a time

Quum paries nullo crimine pictus erat.

There is one fault in the greatest part of them, they don't stand well on their feet. About sixty names have been collected from the interior of the

best earthen vases. Hadrian forbid architects to subscribe their names on their works, but the potters of Chatelet knew of no such law in their town. We read on the vases, &c. the names FORMOSVS, JANVARIS, CATLVS, F. MICCIO, MOMAMA, COMICVS, CRESTI, COTILLVS.

GLASS.

When the town of Chatelet flourished, the art of making glass was by no means in its infancy. The numerous fragments that have been dug out of its ruins prove this beyond a doubt, and the variety of colours and shapes, in which it appeared, incontestably ascertain the truth of the fact. We have not found more than one entire piece of glass, a cup made of fern ashes, verre de fougere, which was found near the bones of a human skeleton. It is round and three inches high, with a semicircular base, but no foot. Among the different sorts of glass, there is some white, or colourless, white with a shade of green, sea green, and

aqua-marine, clear blue, and dark blue, pale yellow, orange-colour, and tawny. All these are transparent. The opaque glass is also white, green, yellow, red, violet, purple, blue, brown, black. The workmen knew how to incorporate the colours, as appears from the pieces remaining of pure white, with fillets and bands of blue and blue with white. We have a bit which is a mixture of white, brown, purple, and flax gray, only semi-transparent, which although the fracture is vitreous, is very like porcelain.

The greatest part of a vase, of a sea-green colour, has survived the general crash, which is twelve inches in diameter, and five deep, the exterior is ribbed and bossed, the interior turned and polished.

BONE AND IVORY.

A great quantity of styles to write with on wax-tablets has been collected. The wax-tablets called diptyques and poliptyques, which last the French, it seems, have abridged into poulets, amatory epistles, or love letters. The length

of the styles is from three to four inches, and varying in shape from an elongated cone to a colus, or distaff, swelling in the middle. Some have a round head, others end in a half circle. Needles from four to six inches long. Spoons. Handles of various tools. Sword-hilts, disks, &c. Tesseræ, or congiaria, plain on one side, and convex on the other, some are plain, others have concentric circles on them, more or less numerous. Only two human jaw-bones have been found, as the burying-ground was near a great Roman road, and out of the town. Stags'-horn, like ivory, is well preserved, whilst the horns of bulls and cows are reduced to lime. The inhabitants of Chatelet, though far from the sea, indulged themselves with oysters, as is evident, from the shells that still remain in the cellars of the houses of the great.

WOOD.

All the wood that has escaped the general conflagration is either completely rotted, or re-

duced to mould, with the exception of a small piece of oak, taken out of a well, in a state of decomposition, and a bit of fir preserved in figure, organization, and colour by its turpentine, and the depth of earth that covered it. Of the floors of the apartment nothing remains, but their outlines or impressions. An earthen pan, half full of cherry-stones, has been discovered, in part decomposed; but not so much as to alter their form. Monsieur Grignon, fancies they had been a compôte, or confiture. He observes also, that what Martial said of Vesuvius is applicable to this town in its present state, that it lies buried in its ashes, lib. iv. ep. 44, and what Montaigne has written of Rome: "On ne voit que le ciel, sous lequel elle fut assise, et le plan de son gîte." Voyage à Rome.

POSTSCRIPT.

Chatelet is a village (bourg), as it is called in the geographical part of the *Encyclopedie par arts et par metiers*, on a hill between St.

Dizier and Joinville, on the right bank of the Marne, Matrona, that divided Belgic and Celtic Gaul: "Matrona non Gallos, Belgasque intersita fines," according to Ausonius, and Cæsar in his Commentaries. See B. Gall. lib. i. ii. and Ausonii, Mosellam, v. 462. The statues that have been dug up at Chatelet appear to have been made great and small of every proportion, of the stone of the country, and of materials brought from the quarry of Savonniere, distant one league and a half from the town of Castellodunum in regione Rhemorum, a camp on a hill in the country of Rheims; and it is by no means improbable that this was its name; consequently, says Grignon, in answer to Mr. Sceyb, of Vienna, who published, in 1753, Peutinger's Chart, or Table. The statues did not come from Umbria, nor from Rome, nor from Etruria, since Livy, in his fifth book, in detailing the names of the different Gaulic nations that pillaged Umbria, Rome, and Etruria, makes no mention of the Belgæ, and of course

they are not to be supposed to have been of the expedition.

That the bronze figures are of home manufacture it is clear from the founderies, and the pots in which they were cast, and the crucibles that still remain, in which the metals were melted. Their length was moreover eight inches and a half, Roman measure, or palmary. The vases also, although in great measure of Etruscan form, may also have been made at Chatelet on Etruscan models, as there were two potters'-ovens in the town, which the inhabitants might have procured from the manufacture of Nîmes, or from Samos, whence the Romans got theirs. The bronze figures, just mentioned, were Lares or Penates Dii Præstites, presiding gods. The town itself, or city, was entirely Roman, and not Gaulic, notwithstanding the images of that people found in it, and now in the midst of the Roman antiquities, at the Abbaïe rue de Sevres. Chatelet was not covered with trees as Sceyb asserts, to which he makes the Gauls bring the

spoils, and the gold of Rome, but a fortified town full of streets, covered with houses, close to one another, and adorned with a temple seventy feet in front, with many private chapels, in which were statues of their gods; a town in which the arts flourished, where many things have been discovered, precious for their antiquity, but not for their riches; arms in small parcels, and no gold in mass obtained from the Romans as the price of peace. It is from these facts, thus stated, that we are authorized to say, that the assertions of Monsieur Sceyb Francis Christopher, of Vienna, are unfounded, and due to his own imagination and conjecture, that the Lingonians arrived from Umbria, Etruria, and Rome, and deposed their load of treasures in a little wood on the hill of Cha-telet. The passages from Tacitus and Livy, which Mr. Sceyb has quoted, and others which might be brought from Eutropius, Pliny, and Polybius, by no means clear away the dark clouds that hang over the origin, the name, and the

history of Chatelet; for when we should say with Mr. Sceyb, that this town was a city of the Lingones, we would just ask him, what was its right name, and where are we to look for its annals and its history?

It is not extraordinary that Mr. Sceyb should have been misinformed. Ptolemy, Antoninus, Peutinger, and even our countryman Bergier, have been guilty of omissions in their itineraries of the Gauls, which have not been filled up by their editors or their commentators. We will perform this task for Champagne, where there exist many Roman roads, which are not laid down by the geographers we have quoted.

We presume that the last sack that buried Chatelet in ruins, was very long before the defeat of Attila, in the plains of Catalaunum, Châlons-sur-Marne, whither we went many years ago to reconnoitre the camp of that prince that still remains near la Chêpe, fanum Minervæ. Mr. Sceyb has never conceived, that the history of this scourge of God had any connexion with

that of Champagne. Alesia has been conjectured to have been the site of Chatelet, but there are two weighty objections to this opinion of a lady learned in geographical researches: the first is, that Mr. D'Anville, in his Illustrations of Ancient Gaul, demonstrates that Alesia, mentioned by Cæsar, was situated near mount Auxois, near Sainte Reine; now in order to give any information of the situation of Chatelet, and prove that it has no connexion or resemblance to Mount Auxois, Cæsar says, *Protinusque Alesiam quæ est oppidum Mandubiorum, iter facere cœpit*: Alesia was then in the country of Auxois, of the Mandubii; whereas Chatelet was in the country of the Rhemi, two different towns in different provinces, a degree of latitude asunder.

The base of Chatelet is washed by the Marne; the Saulx is at a distance from it of seven thousand toises to the north. The mount Auxois is surrounded by two rivers, the Oze and Ozerain; "*cujus collis radices duo duabus ex parti-*

bus flumina subbluebant." B. G. lib. vii. The Auxois is 250 toises high, "oppidum in colle summo, admodum edito loco," lib. vii.

Chatelet is not a mountain, but a little hill. Alesia had a plain before it of 2266 toises in length, according to D'Anville, and circiter millia passuum trium, according to Cæsar. Chatelet is a continuation of the rising ground that borders the valley of the Marne, about one hundred toises broad. Alesia was a large city, in which Vercingetorix had a garrison of eighty thousand men, besides its own people, "millia hominum octoginta delecta secum." The platform of Mount Auxois, on which Alesia was built, was 6000 feet long, and 2000 broad; Chatelet's was only 2200 in length, and 1600 wide, a space that could not hold a garrison of more than twenty-five thousand men. We must therefore conclude, that Alesia is not the name of the town that existed on Chatelet.

In the manuscript of the history of Joinville, communicated to M. Grignon by Madame Mail-

leser, the author, who is of the middle of the seventeenth century, says, at the article Gourzon, a village dependant on the principality of Joinville, and situated opposite Chatelet, on the left bank of the Marne, "In ancient times the city of Gorse was built on the hill of Chatelet, on the right bank, under the jurisdiction of the said Gourzon."

A
JOURNEY
TO THE
S I M P L O N.

THE
HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM 1630 TO 1800
BY
JOSEPH NEALE
OF THE BOSTON SOCIETY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
PUBLISHED BY
JOSEPH NEALE
OF THE BOSTON SOCIETY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
1800

A
JOURNEY
TO THE
S I M P L O N.

Paris, September, 1817.

MY DEAR MADAM,

It is now time for me to fulfil my engagement, and write a long letter; for it must be a long one, that can give even a short account of all I have seen, in which you are likely to take any interest, from the day I left Calais, till I returned to it again. I date my letter from Paris, because of the two roads by Amiens and Beauvois you have heard what I had to say in a former correspondence. In this letter I propose to use no repetitions, and only to speak of those things which are new to me, or of such

as I think you have never heard or seen in any of your excursions.

At Calais I thought myself very fortunate, since the first object I saw in Quillac's yard was a play-bill, announcing Talma's debut in Abufar, which gave me an opportunity of walking, after dinner, quietly across the garden of my own hotel into the house, for five franks, to see the first actor in his line in France play a favourite part before true judges of his merit in his own country; when a short time before you were obliged to take pains to intrigue for tickets, and pay a guinea for a garbled essay of his abilities, for the most part misunderstood and untasted: this you will say applies to me, whether at a French play at London or at Calais; with this difference if you please, that if I did not admire French declamation so much as to scream with joy, yet I had the pleasure of seeing all around me in true raptures at the one theatre, and in false paroxysms of applause *à contre tems* at the other. You remember the story of Abufar, in

which the denouement is made by discovering that the sister he is in love with is not his sister. The company in the balcon and the boxes was very brilliant; and Mademoiselle Georges, though not on the stage, contributed something to the splendour of the house, which in a distant province is not very great.

The journey from Calais to Paris is now much abridged by the new Anglo-Gallic carriages, that hold six within much at their ease, and six without, three before in the cabriolet, and three behind on an uncovered bench. The time is thirty-six hours from Meurice's door at Calais, to the Messageries rue Montmartre, at Paris, which makes a saving of twelve hours, since the old heavy waggon required forty-eight to perform the journey, though now from the spur of the velociferes and celeriferes, it does it within forty-six, and has actually gained still more upon the whole of the journey.

PARIS.

It is by no means necessary to go through Paris in order to go into Swisserland by Lausanne; yet who would pass by on the other side, and not take one look at the Louvre in its reformed state? Although it has lost its eyes, yet it still has precious things, particularly in statues, and in the works of Rubens, Vernet, Italian pictures from French palaces, and French masters of the first rank and highest merit, only to be found within its walls, and in its gallery of unparalleled length.

In the miscellaneous rooms are exhibitions of the works of artists, some of them, in the natural history department, of great beauty, and objects of imitation; such as the avanturine, that is, a felspar of various tints, the ground of which is strewn with brilliant minute paillettes, or straw-like particles of a gold colour, very difficult to copy, and which painters of minerals have never, that I have seen, till in this instance, succeeded

in representing. The avanturines that are manufactured for ornaments are but wretched copies of the felspar avanturine, which got its name *par une aventure*, by the accident of brass-filings being let fall into a vitreous substance in fusion, called the avanturine mixture; and the mineralogists gave the name to the natural felspar, of which the circumstance had produced an imitation. There is also a round table of considerable size in the same place, of walnut-tree, of the most beautiful workmanship. Under this great gallery is the king's private library, in which are many books and manuscripts of much curiosity; among others are the hours, or prayer-book of Charlemagne, presented to him on the birth of his son, and re-presented by the ville de Toulouse, to a late emperor, on a similar occasion. During my short stay at Paris, I visited St. Genevieve, and among the tombs in the Souterrain, I saw a monument, the head of which was ornamented with asses' ears, à l'antique de Scipion at Rome; on in-

quiry I found it belonged to Marechal Asne, without any intention of alluding to his name most certainly, as it was set up by his friends and admirers. It is somewhat singular, that a tomb with the same Roman ornaments should have been discovered at Java, and reported by a late governor of that place. As I proposed to return by Paris, I only spent two days in the capital, and began my journey towards Swisserland, and made a small detour in order to take in Essonne and Fontainbleau. The first object that arrests the attention is a high road made over a marsh by Louis the Fifteenth; on the summit are two pillars, between which is an inscription, "Ludovico Rege Christianissimo Via difficilis ardua que fit facilis." At Essonne, seven leagues from Paris, there are manufactures of cotton and paper. Essonne, formerly Exona, was a place of celebrity, and had a mint, and money is still extant that has EXONA on it. In 670 Clotaire gave Essonne to Saint Denis, and charged it with the expense of clothing the

monks. You, who are fond of botany, and charmed with rural scenes, would have been delighted with the appearance of this country on the 18th of July, where the rye was cut, and your own native butomus in full flower, and in magnificent display. At Essonne you are half way to Fontainebleau, where we arrived at breakfast time. Fontainebleau you are perfectly acquainted with, and all its particulars from actual inspection, and the books that detail its magnificence; its stair-case in the form of a horse-shoe, its five courts, the first of which puts us in mind of Trinity and Christ Church, and is finer than either: but since your time, you will not be displeased to be told, that the apartments destined for Monsieur, when he happens to be resident at this palace, were occupied by the Pope in captivity during nineteen months, and he who confined him was himself a prisoner in the same place. There is another piece of local history belonging to this place. In the gallery des Cerfs, or Stag's-head gallery,

Monaldeschi, Queen Christina's grand Ecuyer, was put to death by her order, and almost before her face. The road from Fontainebleau to Sens is through Pont-sur-Yonne, Pons ad Icaunam, a small town on the right bank of the river, with a crowded market on a Sunday, through which it was with some difficulty a carriage could pass, without overturning the market baskets. Two leagues more brought me to Sens, an archiepiscopal city on the Yonne, with a handsome stone-bridge. The cathedral was built by the English. The richest thing here, and very lately too, was a gold table covered with precious stones, and adorned with most magnificent bas-reliefs of great value, all which disappeared in the revolution. On this table the four Evangelists were represented, with St. Stephen on his knees in the midst of them. The church you are told was built by the English, and they show you the place where St. Louis was married to Margaret of Provence, whom he afterwards, in the year 1248, carried

with him to Palestine. In the chapter-house are the portraits of Louis XVIII. and his wife, who died in England, Marie Josephine Louise de Savoie, married to the Count de Provence, 1771. On the baldaquin, over the high altar, is a globe, a cross, and a serpent with an apple in his mouth. The Dauphin, son of Louis XV. lies buried with his wife in the choir. The monument erected to them by order of Louis XV. is a most costly mausoleum, and highly worthy of the great artist Coustou; the figures of Religion and Immortality are particularly fine, and those of Time and Conjugal Love, by Julien, a pupil of Coustou, have infinite merit. The painted glass in this church is by Jean Cousin, a famous sculptor of the stormy reigns of Francis II. Charles IX. and Henry III. in all of which he contrived to please the court, live in great tranquillity, and much at his ease. He was, undoubtedly, for painting and sculpture, the most ancient great artist the French have possessed.

He was born at Soucy, near Sens, and lived till 1589.

In travelling through a country so varied, and so full of picture as France, you want something besides the perpetual recurrence of wood, water, valley, and precipice, to diversify the sated view, and bring to your recollection what you have read of the inhabitants of the castles you pass, or ken from a distance. I enjoyed this pleasure on the Avalon road by seeing the chateau of Madame de Sevigné, whose maternal fondness, and charming character, have ever been the admiration of her readers, and who at once, for style and manner, was what La Fontaine still is, the model and despair of those who follow him in the same career. You are no sooner past Dijon on this road, than you begin to descry Mount Jura from the coach-box. The country in the last three or four stages has varied exceedingly. From Bernay and its castle the descent is rapid and precipitous, on the edge of a mountain, commanding a most extensive view of

a champaign country bounded with spires, and interspersed with towns, till you arrive at Pont de Pani, from whence to Dijon your road is between a canal with locks, a river, a wood, and a village, where the church and the steeple, and all the houses, are covered with tiles of various colours, painted, varnished, and tessellated like a pavement; and, what is still more agreeable, the road runs between the houses and the gardens opposite them. Beyond Dijon, which I need not describe, you pass through Genlis, another celebrated name, that may make you think of the Veillées du Château, les Fées, Pamela, and Lord Edward, and all that is real and romantic. From Genlis to Aussonne the country is more like Holland than France, a dead flat for leagues. The spires at Dijon and Aussonne are out of the perpendicular, or at least, appear to lean as much as the one of Chesterfield in Derbyshire; but that is of wood covered with lead. In the pretty village with the varnished tiles, I read against the houses,

“Charbon de terre de Givors;” a good article at all times, but particularly in a country where wood happens to be scarce and dear. The road to Dole is full of pasture on both sides, and abounds in Turkey corn, blé de Turquie, with which the Tuscans make pattona; the palenta of Italy consists also of Turkey corn and water, and chesnut-flower. At Mont sous Voudrey the country rises, and beyond it a little way divides into two highways, the right to Geneva, and the left to Lausanne. The corpse of the Baroness de Stael rested at Mont sous Voudrey the night before I arrived, and on the 25th July, and left it on the 26th for Copet. At Salins, six leagues south of Besançon, in the cellar of the inn, is a fountain, or salt-spring, and close to it a source of fresh water; the salt manufactured from the spring is uncommonly white, and very productive. The town is fortified, and lies between two hills; from hence to Levier the road passes through a pine forest, the property of government, of great extent.

At Levier the houses are covered with firs, that last fifteen years without renewing. Portallier is a town near the Swiss frontier, and not far from the source of the river Doubs, Dubis, on the Jura. It is here you find the passport that was left at Calais, and sent on before you to Portallier, which made it unnecessary for you to procure another at Paris, for which you must have paid ten francs. You now soon reach Jougne, the French frontier, a narrow pass between high mountains of sublime and terrific aspect, such as that of Killikrankie, formed by the lofty mountains that hang over the Garrio.

Jougne produces cheese enough of its own manufacture, but no corn, no fruit, no wine. For thirty or fifty sous a cow is kept all the summer on the mountains. The road here, as you enter Swisserland, passes by Fleuriau, to the Cluzette, through the val de Travers, where you enter on a scene of grandeur and magnificence which must be seen to be felt. You are struck at once, and astonished, in coming out of

the narrow defile of the Cluzette, and arriving at the passage of the highest point of the mountain de Tourne. From the edge of a most perilous precipice you have a fine view of the Reuze rolling at an immense depth under your feet: here a semicircular inclosure of pointed rocks seems to stop the way, and bar the passage beyond them, in which the temple of the winds may be said to reside; the inclosure is called Le Creux de Vent. From the heights of Mount Tourne and Boudri a fine view opens upon you of the lake, and the highest Alps.

Here you see that the entrance into Switzerland by Fleuriau presents you with a fine frontispiece to the volume of this romantic country, and there is no reason for crying out with the regret and horror of Madame de Stael on passing the Rhine, "Nous sommes hors de la France." I have now brought you where you descend to Neuchatel, of which place I shall be silent on the civil and political liberty, its toleration in religion, greater than elsewhere in Swis-

serland; this you may find in other places: nor shall I descant on the liberality of David Pury, who gave the wealth he amassed in England and Portugal to Neuchatel; nor on that of M. de Pourtalès who built hospitals, and established charities, in his life-time; nor of the monuments of the nine Counts and Countesses, erected by Louis le Comte de Neuchatel; nor of the mausoleum of the Reformer William Farel; or the superb town-house, the library, or the herbarium of Captain de Chaillet, all which may be seen and consulted by travellers; but of the country houses and hills of very easy access, from which you see two-thirds of the Alps, of Savoy, and Swisserland, from the mountains of the Canton of Ury and Schwytz to Mont Blanc; and in the Canton of Unterwald, the Titlis 10,000 feet above the sea, and Mount Pilate in Lucerne 7000, from which eight lakes are discernible, and the whole chain of the Alps. Here is an epitome of Swisserland in a distant view. From the height of la Brün-

dlen Alpe, there appears at an elevation of 600 feet, in the middle of a black projecting rock, at the entrance of a cavern, a white statue of about thirty feet, like a man whose legs are crossed, and whose arms are resting on a table. The people call it our Cornet, or St. Dominick. So in Attica, the place on which a temple of Venus stood was called Colias, because it resembled a lame man, who was in the act of leaning to support himself. You remember on my touching on this subject, you once told me there was a giant 180 feet high on Nant-hill, near Cerne in Dorsetshire, cut out in the chalk; now St. Dominic is different, in being an inaccessible lusus. At the extremity of the cavern is the Trou de la Lune, or a hole where they find a carbonate of chalk in powder, or lac lunæ, snow white, harder than common chalk, composed of small transparent crystals, when viewed with a strong magnifying power.

Between Neuchatel and Yverdun you hear a patois spoken, which requires some study to

understand, as *demi oura*, *duez ouras*, *esatteau*, for *chateau*, and they sing it out like the Cornish men and Neapolitans. Not far from Neuchâtel you pass over a magnificent stone bridge that joins two mountains. At Auvernier the lake of Neuchâtel is embayed; the road goes also by Colombier, the favorite residence of Marshal Keith; the whole journey is seven leagues to Yverdun. The castle built in the twelfth century is now the institute of Pestalozzi, and serves him for an academy. Yverdun is well known as the birth-place of General Haldimand, late Governor of Canada, in the English service, as well as for the *Encyclopedie* which was published there, besides other great works which have been printed at its press. The elementary method of education of Henry Pestalozzi of Zurich was brought from Bourgdorf castle, three leagues from Berne, in 1804, in part, and from Bouchée, 1805, wholly, to Yverdun; from hence it has been spread far and wide in Prussia and Spain, in 1809, by M.

Zeller and Col. Voitel, and Yverdun has been twice visited by Dr. Bell, who first brought it from Madras. From the Aiguilles de Baume, in this neighbourhood, you see the lakes of Bienne, Morat, Neuchatel, and Geneva, the Cantons of Vaud, Fribourg, and Berne, Savoy, and the chain of the Alps from Mount St. Gothard to Mont Blanc. It is no more than six leagues from Yverdun to Lausanne. At the end of the first league you pass through a fine garden, as Lord Orford calls Petworth, of magnificent oaks, of considerable extent, from whence to the plain in which Yverdun stands, there is a long and terrific descent. You are so well acquainted with Lausanne that I shall not enter into details, except on points which are not so well known, or which have not been much insisted upon. The celebrated French poet Voltaire, it is mentioned in many works besides his own, resided at Lausanne from 1757 to 1769, at Montrepos; Haller was here at this time, but without seeing Voltaire. Gibbon the historian

retired to a house with a long terrace fronting the lake, and just without the gate of Ouchy, to finish his *Decline and Fall*, and when it was brought to a happy conclusion, and in the midst of his friends and admirers, declared that the work was done, and that he had taken Constantinople. The company assembled on this terrace was oftentimes very brilliant, but sometimes more so than at others, as when the following persons were present at the same time: Prince Henry of Prussia; the Prince of Brunswick; General Walmoden, N. S. of Geo. II.; l'Abbé Bourbon, N. S. of Louis XV.; two grand-daughters of Rapin de Thoyras; Miss Carter; Lady Clarges; Monsieur Tissot, M. D.; Monsieur Mercier, l'auteur de l'*Indigent*; Mademoiselle Crusat, l'auteur de *Caroline*; le Duc et la Duchesse de Chablais. There was a public execution in the Pays de Vaud last year, a thing which had not occurred before for fourteen years. Lausanne possesses a number of antiquities, which the Society of Emulation

has met with in its excavations, such as a Roman road, at a place called Chemin de l'Estras, or Via Strata, a paved road leading from Vidi to Ouchy, and to Vevey; also bronzes and medals, and a Roman mile-stone on the road from Lausanne to Lutri, which is in the court of the amiable rector of the university. It was erected under the Emperor Antoninus Pius, and marked the 38th mile from Avenche, in the sixth year of his reign, and the 143d of our reckoning.

The road from Lausanne to Vevey is by the side of the lake, and between vineyards; on market-days and fairs you are treated with a new costume in the dress of the Friburgers, who make themselves wings with their black hair, on each side of their head behind.

On a house where Edmund Ludlow lived you read, "Omne solum forti patria est.———" He lies buried in the cathedral.

All the country between Vevey and Montreux, and Vevey and Lausanne, is but a part

of the base of Mont Jurat, studded with pretty villages and country-houses that command fine views of the lake, the rocks of Meillerie, the high mountains of Savoy, of the district of Aigle, and of Bex, and the Valais, disposed in a semi-circular form about the lake to the north-east, where the dent or tooth of Jaman towers above Montreux. You may go to the fortress of Chillon by water, or by land ; the lake is here 312 feet deep, and this year higher than ever. Chillon, besides its own history, has the splendid name of Byron on a pillar of black marble in the Souterrain. From this prison you have a near view of the only island on a lake of fifty miles long and upwards, whereas, on a Scots lake of thirty, you have half as many islands. Perhaps you may prefer your own country, but I beg to be a Genevois on this occasion. Where the Rhine enters the lake, which is close to you at Chillon, it abounds in eels, and no where else.

I now proceed in my journey to the Simplon, through Villeneuve, Bex, and St. Maurice, by

the Pissevache to Martigny, Sion, and Brigue, of each of which I shall say a word or two.

Villeneuve is a small town of the Canton de Vaud, on the road from Aigle to Vevey. Between Villeneuve and Boveret the Rhone falls into the lake; and here it is the lake of Geneva begins.

Bex is famous for its inn, its environs that would detain you three days at least in taking views, the salines in its neighbourhood, the only salt-springs in Swisserland, its transparent gypsum, its sulphur, and muriacite, or sulphat of lime impregnated with sea-salt.

St. Maurice in the bas Valais, on the Rhone, between the snow-capped Dent de Midi, and that of Morcles, is singular on account of the narrowness of the Valais, which, nearly thirty leagues in length, is shut up every night, "au moyen de la porte du pont, à l'extrémité duquel on entre dans le Canton de Vaud." Another gate serves to shut up the entrance of the district of Bex, on the side of the Valais. The

best view at St. Maurice is from a hermitage on a very lofty eminence, upon a perpendicular rock.

The great object on the road to Martigny is the cascade of the Pissevache, that is, the stream or torrent formed by the Salanche falls several hundred feet, and almost perpendicular. At sun-rise, the solar iris is beautiful. At the bridge of Trient, a little farther on, the torrent from the rocks is wholly vertical.

Martigny is the rendezvous of travellers into Italy, to Mount St. Bernard and Chamouni. I was much amused with a set that was going to the monks, who laughed at the difficulties of mounting where the Corsican's cannon had gone before them. The numbers that go up at the same time, or in the course of two or three days, make it difficult to feed and lodge them, especially the ladies, who require separate apartments. A Monk of St. Bernard is sometimes a travelling title, from the known hospitality of the convent. It is not long ago that there came a person of

this description to an English university, who spoke Latin, and apparently was well acquainted with the convent of St. Bernard. This was a letter of recommendation, and he was well received, and dismissed with money in his pocket; and when the visit was returned by his subscribers, he was announced to the Prior, who disclaimed him for a brother, and said, that none of their order were vagabonds or mendicants. The elevation of the convent is the highest point of the passage over the mount, which, according to Pictet, is 7476 feet above the sea; according to Saussure, 7542; which by winding make six leagues of open road, and three of foot path to the top. You pay nothing for your bed or board in the Hospice, but drop your mite into a poor's box, which is placed in the church for the purpose of receiving the voluntary donations of grateful visitors. In the chapel under the convent the bodies of travellers, who have perished with cold on the mountain, are ranged in order, and left to dry into mum-

mies. They remain unchanged for three years, *tali quali*, and then begin to shrivel.

I had now my choice of going on to Sion and Brigne, or to Chamouny. The mules were all ready in the inn-yard for the Col de Balme, or the Valorsine, and the Tête Noir, but I decided for the Simplon.

Sion, the capital of the Valais, is situated in the widest part of the valley of the Rhone, on the right bank, and the stream of Sitten, which descends from the glaciers of Gheltenham, and runs into the Rhone, under one half of the principal street of Sion, or Sitten, which is a long bridge of boards. Against the wall of the cathedral, near the great door, is an inscription, of which I read perfectly, CAESARI DIVI F AVGVSTO COS. XI. PATRONO, last word. The straw hats of the women in the Pays de Vaud are large and flat, with a button in the middle, *à la Chinoise*. In the Valais, or Walais, they are small, and wreathed all round with flowers, *à l'Italienne*.

The fine glaciers of Mount Rosa are but six hours from Sion ; and the hermitage, consisting of a church, a cloister, and several cells cut out of the rock, is only one from the town, to which you may go in a char de côté, or a sofa on wheels.

Brigg is seven posts and a half from Sion, where you approach within five-and-twenty miles of the sources of the Rhone and the Rhine. I now found myself at the foot of the Simplon, in the finest town of the Valais, where the Rhone is of a considerable breadth, and the country very productive. The houses are covered with a silvery micaceous schist, and the churches adorned with giltstein, or potstone, of a green ground, and veined with bright yellow, from a quarry near Arnen on the left bank of the Rhone, and the high road.

The Jesuits have a college here, and the Ursulines a convent, and Baron Stockalper a castle with domes, that give it the appearance of the Ducal palace of St. Mark, or the Santa Sophia of Constantinople. The Baron retires

with all his family to the highest apartments on the slightest rumour of the small-pox in the Valais, of which he is a considerable proprietor as also of a gold mine, near Gondo, beyond the fifth gallery. The first full view you get of the Simplon is at the splendid inn of Tourtomagne, three posts and a half from Brigg, under the form of a pyramid of snow. The Simplon was anciently known under the name of Mons Scipionis, Mons Sempronius, and by Italians is still called Sempione. Publius Cornelius Scipio consul with Tib. Sempronius Longus, 218 years before Christ, went into Spain to oppose Hannibal in the second Punic war; and Sempronius (Asellio), sixty years afterwards, to the siege of Numantia from Milan.

It begins at Gliss, by a road twenty-five feet wide, whilst the old way was only a path and passable for men on foot or mules, from the same point to the neck of the mountain, and two leagues shorter than the new, which counts fourteen leagues from Brigg to Domo d'Ossola, in passing the Simplon.

I shall dwell a little on this subject, as I know you meditate a journey to Milan in 1818. In 1800 Napoleon began this famous road, that is, the labourers and surveyors appointed by the French government, on the side of the Valais, and the Italian engineers on the side of San Marco, the first Italian village. For, as Swift truly says, in great works no mention is made of those who brought

——“The mortar, or who placed the stones;

——But all commend Inigo Jones.”

The width is twenty-five feet, and the fall two inches and a half in six feet, so that on either side of the mountain there is no occasion to drag the wheel. The most difficult part of the road to make fell to the share of the Italians, who had quartz and granite to cut through, whilst the slate and schist of the French in many places was found to be in a state of decomposition. There is no other road cut through the Alps between Italy and Swisserland where heavy waggons and cumbrous artillery can freely pass. There is no necessity at present for going to

Brigg, as the new road begins at Gliss, about three quarters of a mile from Brigg, and you pass the Saltine on a high and covered bridge, arrive at the hamlet of Ried, traverse a forest of deciduous cypresses a mile and a half long, and after a series of frightful precipices come to the first gallery of Holz Graben; then you reach the bridge over the Kanter eighty feet high, and in half an hour get to the first place where you change horses at Persal, or Berisal. Beyond Oesbach is the gallery of Schalbet, thirty paces, and three times as long as the first. The road runs on the edge of a precipice, and serpentine till it comes to the bridge of Oesbach. There are four cascades that descend from the glacier of Kaltwasser on the left, and crossing the road are precipitated into the abyss in aqueducts of a beautiful construction.

The third gallery is now passed, and the milliary stone appears as you come out of it, that indicates the highest elevation of the passage, one league and three-fourths from Berisal.

This gallery is fifty paces long, and looks down on the ancient hospice below, and sees to the left the foundations of the new convent. The village of Simpelu is one league and a half from the neck of the mountain. From Simpelu to Domo d'Ossola is six, and eight from Gliss and Brigg. After passing the bridge of Krumbach and Senkelbach you arrive at Simpelu. The fourth gallery is eighty paces; and by the side of the magnificent cascade of Alpimbach, or Frissinone, is the fifth, of 202 paces in length, with three openings to the river. All the galleries cut through the rocks have an elevation of thirty feet, and are as broad as the causeway. At a quarter of a league below Gondo are the confines of the Valais and of Italy. At Val-Divedro there are two bridges; and the sixth and last gallery of Crevola, of eighty paces. At Crevola you pass the Veriola on a bridge which, for beauty of construction, surpasses every thing of the kind in sublimity; it is sixty paces in length. The road, I should have said,

from Berisal to the Simplon has been repaired, and will be better next year. Beyond Isell also the same operation is performing.

I am afraid I have tired you, and to make some amends I shall change the subject; and having brought you within a league of Domo d'Ossola, and more than half way to Milan, shall begin to talk of certain events in this country since the last eighteen years.

If you recollect it was in May 1799 that the siege of Acre was raised, and Bonaparte sailed from Egypt August the 25th, landed at Frejus October the 7th, and was declared First Consul on the 10th of October, having dissolved the Conventional Government on the 9th.

It was also in this year of 1799, that the Austrians, in the month of May, took possession of the Simplon, and on the 15th of August fought a battle, in which the French beat the Austrians and retook the Simplon, or St. Plomb. On the 22d of September they went down, under the command of General Tureau, to Domo

d'Ossola, and forced the intrenchment of the Imperialists. A few days after the French were obliged to retire, and abandon the Simplon altogether, when the Russians had passed St. Gothard, and Massena had fought a decisive battle with the Russians at Zurich.

On the 4th of October General Tureau left Brigg, and remounted the Simplon.

Whilst the army of reserve passed the Grand St. Bernard in May 1800, under the First Consul, General Bethencourt was sent at the head of a column of a thousand French and Swiss troops, with orders to pass the Simplon, and seize the passes of Isell and Domo d'Ossola. Avalanches and repeated falls of snow had caried away a bridge they had to pass, and made a breach of sixty feet in width.

An intrepid volunteer, who probably had been a mason, offered to attempt a passage, which he effected by fixing a rope on one side of the rock, and carrying it in his hand, he went down to the holes by the side-wall where the posts

of the bridge had been inserted; then stepping from one to the other he reached the opposite rock, and made fast the other end of the rope. The General followed him, and all the men with their arms and knapsacks, the whole thousand, suspended successfully over the roaring abyss, whilst with their feet they were feeling their way from hole to hole. There were five dogs with the battalion; and when the last man had passed, they all five plunged into the deep, and three were carried away by the impetuosity of the glacier, and two arrived on the opposite side by superior strength in struggling with the torrent. In memory of this daring and successful action the names of the General and all his soldiers were engraved on the rock.

Having now taken a view of the new road, and satisfied myself that it would stand, provided the injuries offered to it in the year 1814 were not repeated, the bridges repaired, and the rocks duly removed, that falls of snow from time to time shall bring down with them

from the mountains, I returned to Brigg; and as I passed over the bridge on the Saltine I was directed to a round hole in the mountain, to the left behind the grand causeway, to divert the winter torrents which would otherwise indubitably blow up the road.

From Brigg to St. Maurice, along the valley of the Rhone, which, at the foot of the Furca, the highest part of the valley, is 4626 feet above the lake of Geneva. On all sides the Valais, which was made a canton in 1815, at the congress of Vienna, is the most considerable in length of all the valleys of Swisserland, and is surrounded on all sides with very high mountains, and so narrow in certain places, that between the dent or tooth of Morclés and du Midi the Rhone can hardly find a passage. The chain on each side rises from eight to fourteen thousand feet above the sea; and what are called the lowest, the Cols, from six to ten thousand. One of the highest of the most pointed lay in my way down to St. Maurice, and is called La Dent de Vyon,

and yet the chamois climbs to the top of it. In some parts of the Valais there is a harvest in May, in others not till October. The mountains are the refuge of the chamois, marmot, the lynx, the wolf, and sometimes a bear makes his appearance; one had been seen between Martigny and Sion in August last, just before I passed.

Napoleon made a new road from the castle of the Duke of Savoy to Evian, where a church was removed that stood in its way.

At St. Gingoulph, alias St. Jingo, two posts and a half before you come to Evian, on the Geneva road, the landlady, a very eloquent lady, was going on Thursday to Vevey, to buy provisions for the fête of St. Jingo on the 10th of August, the following Sunday, when the inhabitants of the neighbourhood all around were expected; but her trip was conditional, and depended on good weather and the state of the lake. I profited much by her obliging disposition and communicative talent, and heard her

with great delight declaim on “ the lake’s fine basin and enchanting banks ;” the beautiful position of Chillon and Montreux, the rocks of Meillerie, and the point from which you descry all the sides of the lake up to Rolle, where its breadth is three leagues and a half to Thonon, the city of Lausanne, the mountain and tower of Gouzze, the tower of Pell, Vevey, and Montreux ; but when she came to Vevey, she said, “ Monsieur a été sans doute à Vevey ;” and without waiting for my answer, went on in a flood about the inhabitants, not only of Vevey, but of all the residences of the English, who, in her opinion, were born to travel, “ et repandre leur bienfaits sur les eaux qui passent.” I asked her if she knew Monsieur Monnet, “ Comme ma poche, dit elle ; you mean the master of the best inn at Vevey ; he is an extraordinary creature, and my great friend ; he has seen life, and been in China with Lord Macartney, with Admiral Payne, Mr. Beckford, and Lord Muncaster. I know him well ; but the singular resident on

the lake near him, at Basset, is Monsieur Van Brien, a Dutchman, who is a merchant, and has five partners, all his brothers, one at Stockholm, one at Archangel, one at Odessa, one at Petersburg, and the fifth at Hamburgh. Mr. Van Brien occupies but a part of his chateau; the rest is inhabited by one of the most amiable and best informed families that ever came from your country."

You may easily suppose that I left St. Jingo with regret as well as the Valais, at whose extreme frontier I had now arrived. The Dents d'Oche, that rises above the village, command Geneva, twelve leagues off. The new road cut out of the rock has been passable ever since the year 1805; the old one was a path. The rock now and then falls down, and occasions a temporary obstruction. After Bonaparte's return from Elba, there was a battle between the French and the Austrians near this place, in which the French were driven back with considerable loss.

The high road runs between forests of Robinia Pseudo Acacia, Marronniers, or eating chesnuts and walnut-trees. Close to the lake, the ground rising quick behind is clothed with verdure like a park, and crowned with rocks. The hill of St. Paul, above Evian, is of a fine form, and beautifully shaped. Between Evian and Thonon there is a mineral spring containing iron, much drunk in the summer by the Genevois.

Thonon was the capital of the ci-devant duchy of Savoy, and the last post but one, Douvaines, before you reach Geneva.

You must traverse the city of Geneva before you reach the good inn of Secheron, which is half a mile from the gates. In the fine weather this is pleasant, and the walk into town not undelightful, to which you have your choice of conveyance in a char de côté by land, or in a boat by water. My first business was to visit Mr. Hentch; my second, Rousseau's house, inscribed Jean Jaques, né 1712. My third, to

Cologni, out of town. Mr. Hentch was at Paris, but I received a card from Madame H. “pour passer la soiree à sa campagne.” It will not be consistent with my plan of a rapid sketch to go through the city, and mark all its bulwarks, or count its hospitals; these you will find in Ebel, should you travel this way, but I shall set down the things you are not likely to find in any book.

Besides the island before mentioned, there is a rock near the town, called Pierre à NITON, which the Genevois interpret Neptune, but the word should be written Neecton, or Swimming, the Floating Rock, on which, by the instruments of sacrifice found on it, and preserved in the city library, it should seem, that they were used in killing the animals offered to the god of the lacus Lemanus, by the fishermen.

The library, which is open to the public on a Tuesday only, abounds in Calvin's Letters, the Homilies of St. Augustin, written in the sixth century on papyrus, and a Journal engraved on

six tablets of wood covered with wax ; the rest of this curious relict of the year 1314 is at Paris. It is a fragment of the house-book of Philip le Bel ; and if your stay at Geneva does not exceed six days, you may see a specimen of this singular curiosity in the French capital. It is very difficult to read, and great pains have been taken by the librarian to decipher it in part, which cannot have been done equally at Paris, as they have not the whole. Geneva has a small botanical garden, and will soon have a very large one. In the year 1816, Monsieur Decandole read a course of lectures, which lasted, at least, six weeks. The English, who reside here in flocks, know how to value this peculiar advantage, not merely for the discovery of many of the desiderata in botany, but also in mineralogy and geology. The watches, clocks, musical boxes, and seals, have, for the most part, greater attractions for our countrymen, wives, and daughters, than the Academy and its casts, or fine pictures of St. Ours, and de la Rive. The

best pictures I saw at Geneva were in a private house. Mr. Hentch is in possession of Christ in the Garden, by Correggio; a very fine Paul Potter; a Rembrandt, subject, a woman teaching a boy to read; the Murder of the Innocents, a picture by Rubens; and a Dying Nun, by Murillo.

Geneva, in some parts ninety feet above the level of the lake, is divided unequally by the Rhone, whose rapid translucent waters are of a deep blue. In winter, owing to the neighbourhood of the snow on the mountains, and the elevation of the soil, the cold is greater than in higher latitudes.

The walks in all directions round the city are beautiful; particularly so to the Plainpalais, where you find Gaudin's fine models of the Alps; and to Mr. Constant's chateau and gardens, where you see the confluence of the Rhone and the Arve that rolls a golden wave. On the summit of the little hill of St. John you pass the Delices, Voltaire's country-house, which he ad-

dressed : “ O maison d’Aristippe, O jardin d’Epicure, recevez votre possesseur ;” when he came from Colmar to print all his works at the Geneva press, at the instance of Mr. Cramer.

Of all the excursions, at a short distance, to chateaux and campagnes from Geneva, the one to Ferney is the most interesting, a village made by Voltaire, and increased from eight cottages to eighty houses, from the year 1759 to 1775. The bed-chamber of the poet, as exhibited at Paris, is in the same state it was in his lifetime, if you except the bed-curtains, which have been from time to time so curtailed by visitors, that what remains, since a stop has been put to the depredations of zealous enthusiasts, is hardly more than equal to what has been carried away. This is no unusual thing ; if I remember, you have a piece of the bed-curtains in which King Charles slept the night before the battle of Worcester.

From Geneva to Chamouni, the boundary of my present excursion, I passed through Bonne-

ville, where I found nothing more remarkable than the motto of its town-clock. “*Hora omnibus prodest; ultimam cave.*” Hours are profitable to all; of the last beware. Cluze, eight leagues from Geneva, abounds in watch-makers. Three quarters of a mile before you reach Maglan, above the hamlet of Balme, is a grotto about twelve hundred feet higher than the valley, six hundred paces long; beyond which there is an abundance of water that comes down in streams from the lake Flaine, on the mountain over head. Near Maglan is the cascade of Arpenas, and a surprising echo.

Sallenche is only four leagues from Cluze. It is here, at Sallenche, a small town in Savoy, about 1,674 feet above the level of the sea, and 540 higher than the lake of Geneva, that you prepare to proceed in a *char à banc* to Chamouni and Mont Blanc, of which you have a clear view from the inn in the town. Chamouni is only six leagues off, but it requires seven hours to perform the journey.

In order to arrive at Chède, a beautiful cascade, soon after sunrise to catch the rainbow, you must leave Sallanches at six; you cannot do this en voiture, but leaving it you cross a torrent, and mount on foot till you can see the water-fall, and the sun upon it. Then descending you step into your carriage, and arrive at Servos in two hours, a beautiful valley, where you breakfast, and get plants and minerals. There are things to see at this place; for instance, a silver mine now at work, that produces an ounce of silver in a quintal; the inspector's house and garden, in which are specimens of all the minerals of the mountains, and all the plants of the hills; the tomb of Monsieur d'Eschen, who fell into a fissure of the rock in the neighbourhood, having strayed from his guide. A monument to his memory was erected in the eighth year of liberty, by the order of the French government under the consulate of Bonaparte, Cambaceres, and Le Brun. In your road to Servos you pass a mountain on the

left, which fell down in the year 1751, and filled the valley with a thick impenetrable atmosphere of dust and brouillard for eight days. From Servos to Chamouny the distance is three leagues; here you ford the brook, and pass the Arve on the pont Pelissier, and then ascend the Montées, at the summit of which is a rock of rose-coloured quartz. You have a terrific view of the Arve, at a great depth below you, as you mount on the edge of the precipice, rolling torrent-like between black craggy rocks studded with gigantic firs; behind you the steeple of Servos, and before you the tower of Ouches, are equidistant from the quartzose rock.

The descent of the Montées brings you into the valley of Chamouny, and you begin to descry the glacier of Taconnay; after that the Bossons, and then the Bois.

The valley of Chamouny is washed by the Arve from one end to the other, about nine miles long, and from half to three quarters of a

mile broad. There is no great road to it ; and it is, as the Romans said of our country, cut off from the rest of the world. The Mount Breven, and the chain of the Red Needles, bound it to the north, and the giant Mont Blanc shuts it up to the south, at whose base four glaciers descend to the edge of the valley, which was not described, or even known, before 1741, when Pocock and Windham first visited it, and spoke of it as *terra incognita*, eighteen leagues from Geneva. Bourit, in 1773, published an account of the glaciers of Savoy, and soon after the incomparable Saussure edited his work on the Alps, which overflowed the valley during twelve years, from 1780 to 1792, with a thousand travellers from all parts annually, as may be seen by inspecting the Register of Visitors, at the hotel d'Angleterre ; and yet there are but three months and a half in which the visit can be paid with safety and comfort. Mr. Bourit, animated by the examples of Mr. de Saussure, in the year 1787, and of James

Balma and Dr. Pacard in 1786, resolved to lead the way in some untried enterprise. He did not therefore attempt, as Balma had done, and with success, to reach the top of Mont Blanc in fourteen hours from the mountain of la Côte; or as Mr. de Saussure, in three days from Chamouni; the first in 1786, the second in 1787; but on the 27th of the last month and year, crossed directly by the valley of ice of Montanvert from Chamouni into Piemont; and in order to do this, passed the night with his son and two guides on Montanvert on the 27th; the next day they walked twelve hours on the ice, and descended in a fog and intense cold in five hours and a half to Courmayeur.

On the 29th they proceeded to the capital of the Val d'Aost; and on the 30th went up the mountain of St. Bernard, and down on the other side below the hospice to the bourg of St. Peter; on the 31st they arrived at Martigni, mounted the Trient, and the Col de Balme,

and came to Chamouni, a walk of fifteen hours, which took them four days to perform.

The origin of the village of Chamouny cannot be traced higher than the eleventh century, and a convent of Benedictins, founded by a Count of Geneva in 1099. At this time there is an inn in the valley where travellers insert their descriptions in the house-book, which is very agreeable in a bad day to read, as an album, where you see now and then something more than a mere list of names. For example, July 26th 1817, you read "C. G. L. Pancoucke, Editeur des Victoires des Francois en Espagne, et ailleurs." To this name is a mark of reference to a note at the bottom of the page, by another traveller, with a list of French victories, or battles in which they were beat. "Baylen, Vismiera, Talavera, Vittoria, Beresina, Leipsick, Paris, Belle Alliance, Mont St. Jean, &c. &c." The winter is very long at Chamouni, and lasts from October to May, and oftentimes provisions run so short that they are obliged to fetch them

from Sallenche on mules. In the valley the pasturage is good, and the honey from the rocks delicious. The mountains abound in chamois and goats; the horns of the tame goats are straight, and of the wild chamois, recourbés or bent at the tips. The grand business at this place is to mount the hills, which you may do after breakfast at your ease in your char de coté for one hour, then on mules for one more, and after that on foot two hours, and you will find yourself either on the Montanvert, or the Chapeau, high enough to see the Mer de Glace, and in time to return to dinner at six o'clock; and yet after all, the finest glacier is, as it were, at your feet in the valley, I mean the Bossons, where in five hundred pillars of ice of unequal heights, none less than twenty feet high, there are fifty of at least one hundred and twenty. The walk to these from the inn is half an hour; and whilst you are standing as near as you can well approach, because the intervals between the columns are full of ridges and fissures, you may

guess at their altitudes by the forest of firs that rises not far from them on the same inclined plane. The most beautiful sight, perhaps, in the valley is the source of the Arveiron, which is not distant from the inn, and turns to the right out of the road to the Chapeau. Here you have no hill to mount, but a level road through a cypress wood, which hides the grand object from your view, and on coming out of the wood into Arabia Petræa, or a space filled with enormous granites, and innumerable pyramids, on mounting a hillock of a hundred feet, the glacier opens upon you, and a magnificent arch of ice presents itself to view, through which the Arveiron bursts out with impetuous violence, and joins the Arve in the valley before the windows of the eating-room of the hotel d'Angleterre.

It is very possible to go to Mont Blanc without seeing it, and even in favourable weather you must have recourse to the Buet, or Mortine, to see it well with all its adjuncts. The Buet

is nearly one thousand feet higher than the Canigou in the Pyrenees, more than twice as high as Ben-Nevis in Scotland, and nearly three times above Snowdon in Wales. It was on the Buet, above Servos, that Eschen, the naturalist, literateur, and poet, perished. There is however no necessity to mount so high; the Col de Balme is at hand between Chamouni and Martigni, from which the vast domes of Mont Blanc are all distinct; and the three passes into Italy by Mount Cenis, St. Gothard, and the Simplon, with the whole chain of the Alps in general, within your ken. From the Col de Balme, which lies in your way going or returning, you are sure of seeing the summit, or the boss of the dromedary, and run no risk of mistaking the Dome de Gouté for the highest point of the white mountain, which you may easily do in the valley. For this expedition I took my guide and mules from Sallenche, and was highly pleased with the attention of the former, and the infallibility of the latter. I found also that

mules were less liable to make false steps than horses, because they are not so high-minded; they look before they step, and never tread upon a loose stone, if it be possible to avoid it.

A mule looks before he steps; a horse steps first, and then looks: "El mulo mira primo, y passa puès; el cavallo passa primo, y mira puès."

The valley is a fine school for the naturalist in all the three kingdoms, and no bad academy of the muses; if you should by accident or design become acquainted with the school-master of the village, who is no mean poet or pedestrian, since he has traversed on foot the whole of his district, and sung all its parts from the highest to the lowest, and if it be said,

"Who feeds fat oxen must himself be fat,"

it may also be asserted with equal truth,

"Who climbs high rocks must be himself sublime."

But if on reading his poems you do not find him so, you must allow that he had a lofty subject

in the Alps, and an exalted patron in Bonaparte.

It is possible to go from Chamouni to Geneva in one day by Sallenche, where you find the mountains gradually diminish, and the valleys vary; the road is all level, with the exception of one considerable hill. The Alpine plants are in their element in the neighbourhood of Servos and Mont Blanc; at the height of seven thousand feet above the sea, the growth of trees and shrubs is found to cease. The inclosures and open fields are rich in Savoy, in vines, wheat, barley, oats, buck-wheat, mayz, sorgum, or Indian millet, tares, lentils, hemp, flax, potatoes, turnips, poppies, wood, madder, and tobacco.

In 1806 the academicians of Geneva reported favorably of the waters of St. Gervais in rheumatic and cutaneous cases, which had been recently discovered by Monsieur Goutard on his own premises. These baths are within two leagues of Sallenche, and eleven leagues south-east of Geneva. The path to the source is by the

bridge over the torrent of the Bonnant, behind the pump-room. The spring is in a wood of firs, and you know you are near it on entering the wood, from the strong sulphureous smell of its waters, and the appearance of gypsum on its banks. From the waters of St. Gervais, whose situation between the mountains is highly romantic and picturesque, I returned to the inhabitants of the great banks of the lake, to enjoy the beatific vision of Mont Blanc, reflected in its bosom after the sun is set behind Mount Jura.

The disputes on controversial points are not perfectly at rest, though not so unquiet as when Voltaire wrote his "Civil War of Geneva." The twenty-four volumes of the sermons of Calvin, Beza, and Bullinger, are not now so much thumbed, or the Homilies of St. Augustin so much read, as the Bible itself. This is no doubt an improvement, and must in the end be productive of the best of consequences. I do not remember to have seen any metrical version of the "Guerre Civile de Geneve," in our lan-

guage; and indeed it had better remain untranslated, but in parts which I shall give for your amusement. The civil war of Voltaire may be called the tenth; for in France, where Calvinism was introduced in the reign of Francis I. its ravages were the cause of nine civil wars, waged par Rome contre Geneve, and the battles of Dreux, St. Denis, Jarnac, Moncontour, fought during the minority of Charles IX. when the churches were burnt to ashes by the pretended reformers, and the temples by the Catholics. The tenth civil war, in which the least blood was shed, was a paper war. I shall present you with a few introductory specimens from the five Cantos.

CANTO I.

Author sublime, unequal, long,
 Who frogs immortalis'd in song,
 A polish to my muse impart,
 And teach me thy consummate art!
 Tassoni prodigal of thought,
 But sparing what with sense is fraught,

Need I implore thy languid line,
For this caprice; and whim of mine;
And thou best rival of the Roman,
Great Nicolas, surpass'd by no man,
Who paint'st the coxcomb and the fool,
And mostly deal'st in ridicule,
Thy style I cannot imitate
I find; though tempting, 'tis too great.
Have done then with the invocation,
We trust ourselves for inspiration.

By mountain's side which time has worn,
The Rhone in rapid streams upborn
From prison scap'd to meet the Sône,
And join its waters with his own,
Geneva's people bursts to view,
Proud, noble, rich, dissembling crew.
No laugh betrays a want of heed,
Cocker's the darling book they read,
They hate a play, detest a ball,
And Rameau's airs love least of all;
While sadness marks with dismal trace
The preacher's cheerless length of face.
Hither came John the learned Calvin,
From Picardy, conceited, vain,
Without a blush, himself who set
Paul rashly to interpret,

And preach'd to all Geneva's nation,
No man can work his own salvation;
That God does all, and nothing we,
And virtue of no use can be.
To this grand dogm his followers stuck,
And with bad preaching * ran a muck.
But Covelle, otherwise inclin'd,
Said God had left us unconfin'd,
And punishing the wicked deed,
To virtue gave the pious meed:
This novelty of irrestriction
To younger minds appear'd conviction.

CANTO II.

Whene'er an empire's rent in twain,
Order and peace no longer reign;
Vapours usurp the place of reason,
And brains are addle for a season.
Each temper by collision fires,
And double fury both inspires.
Of preachers a divine battalion,
In pride and power supreme far gone,

* A preacher who had repeated "des graces infinies" twenty times in his sermon, was thanked by one of the congregation on coming out of church, "Je te rends graces infinies d'avoir fini."

Pronounc'd 'gainst heretics the ban ;
 Forth th' excommunication ran.
 In God's own name the thunder rolls,
 No mercy's shown to recreant souls ;
 And thus Geneva now and then
 Can copy Rome, as monkies men.
 But Covelle, with his brave compeers,
 At thunders of the churchmen sneers.

CANTO III.

When sailing on the silver lake,
 To love's delightful sense awake,
 Fair Catharine and her spouse enjoy'd
 Pleasures pure and unalloy'd ;
 When Dryads danc'd upon the bank,
 And tripp'd it o'er the margin dank,
 When Proteus and his nymphs afloat,
 Gambol'd in crowds around their boat ;
 Where was Jean Jaques, on what intent,
 To whom the embassy was sent ?
 In Val Travers, from whose dark cells
 A mountain rose, where winter dwells,
 Whose head above black tempests crown,
 And root to Tartarus goes down ;
 Whose foot conducts to antres vast,
 With savage darkness overcast,

There's Rousseau's cave, in horrors drest,
 Fit mansion for a man possess
 Of hatred for God's creatures, all
 Consum'd by pride, devour'd by gall;
 Who flies the world with rancorous leaven,
 And dreads to see the face of heaven.

In the fourth Canto, an English nobleman is one of the *dramatis personæ*, and restores Catharine to life by the weight of his purse. In the fifth, Geneva recovers her lost gaiety, and enjoys the pleasures of peace and harmony; all agree but Rousseau, who enters his protest against any accommodation, crying, that all is lost: "*Tout est perdu, Geneve a du plaisir.*"

N. B. The watch-makers are not forgot in this poem, and are mentioned in an exemplary manner in a note to

"Mille horlogers de qui les mains habiles,"
 Savaient guider leurs aiguilles dociles."

Geneva trades for a million of watches annually. Watch-making is no vulgar occupation. Graham and the Leroi were famous artists.

Leroi of this day is one of the most famous mechanics in Europe. A great mechanic is, to a mere geometrician, as a great poet to a grammarian.

To this note I may add, that Geneva is likely to become as famous for its lectures in natural history by Monsieur Decandolle, as by its artists of fusees and pendulums, which Voltaire, in his *Siecle de Louis XIV.* calls *physiciens de pratique*. The widest part of Geneva is darkened by high wooden penthouses, that project from the roofs, obscure the street, and give it a dull appearance, not very unlike the covered galleries of Chester.

The public library at this place is very convenient, as it lends its books, and permits the inhabitants to borrow any thing they wish to read at their own homes. Portraits of men of eminence are to be found here, among which is that of Mayerne, a native of Geneva in 1573, and physician of Henry IV. at whose death he came to England, was employed by James and

Charles I. and II. and died in Chelsea, at the age of eighty-two, 1655. He was painted by Rubens. The artists of this day, as well as those of his own, among which was Petitot, are much obliged to Sir Theodore for his advancement of the art of enamelling at that early period.

The road to Lausanne from Sécheron is remarkably pleasant, and the conveyance by voiturier, or diligence, particularly the latter, expeditious. In this journey you leave the territory of the republic for that of France, and pass Versoy, where the Duke de Choiseuil, (who because he drove every one before him, the King of Prussia called, le Cocher de l'Europe) planned a town that should eclipse Geneva. The French minister meant to have a port to rival the republic. Coppet is upon the lake, and a castle well situated in the Pays de Vaud, where Bayle, of famous memory, once resided nearly two years. It was also the retreat of Neckar from 1790 to his death in 1804, whose

compte rendu was made the pretext, but not the cause, of the French revolution. His daughter was brought hither to be buried in the garden of the castle in July last, Madame de Stael Holstein, who died possessed of Coppet, and six millions, nearly two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. Mlle. G——, who was educated with the Baroness, and sat at her father's table, now presides at her husband's, who keeps the inn at the entrance of the castle.

At Lausanne I concluded my tour of the lake, and from hence returned to the French capital through Yverdun. From this place to Neuchatel you skirt the west side of the lake, which is twenty miles long and five wide, and might be made to communicate with the lake of Geneva by the river Venoge. The road to Neuchatel is through Grandson, St. Aubin, Boudri, and Colombier, running along the side of Jura, through a country like the district of la Vaux. On the hills to the left there is here a cottage, and there a gibbet, and so near, that in one the

inhabitant sees by the light of the moon the reflexion of the pendu on the wall of his bed-chamber. To wake at night, and find such a figure dancing in the wind by your bed's side is so terrific, that nothing, with less resolution than an Ephesian matron was possessed of, could, one would think, be reconciled to it.

At Salins I was more amused than at my first visit, by a company of troubadours, who serenaded me during supper, not with singing of hymen or love, but of Cæsar and Alexander: without some such refreshment from time to time a long journey must fatigue. The lake of Neuchatel, I said, might be made to communicate with the lake Lemman, and there is still such a plan one day to be executed; and then the trade and merchandize which is now carried in waggons from Berne to Basil, would be transported from Morges on the lake of Geneva by a canal to the lakes of Neuchatel and Bienne, that would open a communication with the Thiele, the Aar, and the Rhine. Hi-

therto private interests have prevented this grand scheme from being executed, but this may not probably be always the case.

When I arrived at Mont sous Voudrey, a place you have already seen mentioned in this letter, I found there had been a great wolf-hunt, in consequence of boys and girls having been carried away from the fields in the day-time, who had been set to watch the crops. The huntsmen had enclosed and killed seven young ones; but the mother, furious from the loss of her little ones, had not been taken.

From Mont sous Voudrey to Paris I met with nothing out of the common way.

I now take my leave of the country of fine natural prospects, and return to the cities of Paris and London, of which the views of the latter are to me as agreeable as the Pays de Vaud was to Tavernier, who, after he had walked upon the Vieille Roche of the Turquoise, trod under foot the emerald and the opal, and feasted on the Mangosteen of the

Moluccas, returned with delight to the barren rocks of the Jura, and the bastard fruits of Swisserland.

Paris, I need not tell you, is, like Africa, fertile in monstrous novelties. I had not been long on the Boulevards before my attention was called to a battle between Madame Le Blanc, a famous aerobate, and an artist of the same profession, in which Madame Le Blanc l'Aerobate means, I suppose, an air-treader, or rope-dancer. One of the trades of Paris consists in furnishing Greek words for new exhibitions. Calcagnini, the Pope's legate, surprised the king and all his court, by delivering his speech to his Majesty like an old Roman, in choice Latin. A Frenchman, who told me this, said that his was the only language fit to be made universal; "As to yours," he added, "it is a patois of all languages;" wherein he showed his ignorance, since the French, as well as the English, is composed of a variety of tongues, and from the same sources, Celtic, Greek, Latin, Persian, and Arabic;

Whenever Talma plays there is a crowd at the grate where the tickets are delivered an hour before the doors are opened, and two before the play begins. The *Orestes* is well supported by Talma, and Mademoiselle Georges. Mademoiselle Duchenoy, without the advantage of a fine face, is a great actress; but Mademoiselle Burgois possesses an outline of countenance well suited to tragic characters. Talma's robe in *Orestes*, I was told, contained forty yards of cloth, and Kemble's, in *Cato*, fifty. The French excel in dressing the Roman and Greek characters, and are as famous for the excellence of their costume, as the Romans in Horace's days were for the fine dye of Tarentum in their stage dresses, where the applause preceded the play, before the actors had said a word, and the clapping was for the purple robe, as with us it was on a similar occasion, "For Quin's high plume, and Oldfield's petticoat."

The O. P.'s were condemned yesterday for riots in the Theatre of the Variétés. There

were four principal leaders summoned. The first that appeared were let off for twenty-five francs, and three days imprisonment; the others for contempt and non-appearance, to six months imprisonment and two hundred francs. These gentlemen have some of them a long string of names, such as Pierre Charles Gueritont, Auguste Regent Henry Scullier. Achille Rolin, shorter in title, but more daring than his brothers in conspiracy, confessed that he wished for the strength of Samson, to pull down the pillars of the play-house.

If you wish to know my opinion of the French, the worst I can say of them is, that they are very ungrateful, and most uneasy under the army of occupation, which they signify by saying continually that they do not wish to see any English among them, that they are not wanted at Paris. This is certainly neither kind nor obliging, however natural it may be, as John Bull spends so much money daily in Paris, that the pay and profit of one banker only

amounts to thirty thousand a year for a few extra clerks ; and the whole sum expended by the English annually, since the restoration, is more than the ecclesiastical revenue and the civil list before the revolution. In the year 1791 there were in Paris forty-eight convents of monks, holding nine hundred and nine men, the amount of their revenue was valued at two millions seven hundred and sixty thousand livres, more than one hundred thousand pounds sterling ; five abbeys, or priories, estimated at six hundred and twelve thousand francs, about twenty-five thousand a year ; seventy-four convents of nuns, containing two thousand two hundred and ninety-two women, and their income two millions and twenty-eight thousand francs, or livres ; if to these we add the revenue of the archbishoprick, and of the fifteen collegiate churches, of one million six thousand and five hundred livres, there will be in all seven millions for the former church income in Paris only, nearly three hundred thousand pounds sterling,

about one-tenth of the ecclesiastical revenue of the whole kingdom, as much above what it ought to be as it now is below the price it deserves.

Whoever governs Paris must amuse it, and should bread be dear it must fall, or the people will rise; the symptom of which is a print, in which a tree is represented with loaves for fruit, and under it a man lying at his length, with a label issuing out of his mouth, “*Si le pain ne baisse pas, il faut que je me leve.*” At the fête of St. Louis, given in the Champs Elisées, meat and wine were given to the populace, and the theatres were opened, to which the world was invited without fee or reward, and the whole country became a scene of joy and abundance, pays de Cocagne, where masts were erected, terminated by wreaths of flowers, from which gold and silver watches, jewels, and various trinkets depending were the prize of him, who could first arrive at the summit by swarming a pole greased from the top to the bottom. The order and harmony preserved on these occasions is the master piece

of police, and worthy of imitation in all countries.

The face of France is so much changed by the destruction of its chateaux, by the chauffeurs, or bande noir, that it is not always reconnoissable. The chauffeurs are a company who buy up all the country-houses of the nobility that are forsaken by their owners, pull them down, and sell the materials; so that a traveller, who had been used to direct his course by taking these great bodies of masonry for his land-marks, might easily lose his way, and look in vain for his direction-posts. The French themselves complain bitterly of the black band; but as it is a consequence of the system of equalisation, and a military preponderance, which, for the most part, they are so fond of, and are now straining every nerve to revive, you cannot give them much credit for their sincerity.

Improvement at Paris is the order of the day; and what with the public works, such as the Magdalen, and the elephant fountain on the founda-

tion of the Bastille, the Statue of Henri IV., on the Pont Neuf, and the decoration and beautifying of private houses, and public hotels to lodge foreigners, it is not an easy matter to get your own house repaired. The proportion of English to Russians, Austrians, Prussians, Italians, and Sicilians at Paris is, as at Rome and Florence, Naples and Palermo, about a hundred to five. The improvements are not however confined within the walls of the capital; the new bridge at St. Cloud goes much straighter to the palace than the old one, and pleasanter, by entering the park, and coming again by a better way into the old road. At Versailles also there are novelties, such as the bosquet du Roi, to answer to the bosquet de la Reine; and the new coach four times a day from Paris to Versailles, and from Versailles to Paris, for thirty sous in the gallery, or basket, which in fine weather is by far the best place. The basin in the park, in front of the gallery of glaze in the palace, which, with its fine horses, is reflected in the centre

mirror of the gallery, forms the principal beauty of this great and unrivalled scenery of princely magnificence, and would be really grand, and beyond measure improved, if the square pond beyond the horses were not detached from the basin, but flowed into it, and made all one piece. In one room at the manufacture at Sevres, in the road to Versailles, which every body visits, there are specimens of the porcelain of every country, but not always of the best of Worcester and Derby, and none of Bavaria, now after sixty years brought to perfection ; and none of Swansea.

At St. Cloud there is a saloon, newly fitted up for the Dutchess of Angouleme, and called Le Cramoisi, from the colour of its furniture, a beautiful deep red. At the entrance of the park by the grille, or iron gate, there is a restaurateur, whose name is Le Griel, which has occasioned many visitors to suppose, that the name of the dining place was from the grille, and not from the name of the restaurateur.

Not far from this place the inimitable Jordan lies buried, in a hollow under a robinia-tree.

From St. Cloud, on my return to Paris, I went to the tombs in the Petits Augustins, to see Abelard and Eloisa, whose heads are now removed. Some time ago, on entering the street which leads to the Pont Rouge, by the cloisters of Notre Dame, the last house on the right, under the arcades, stood, where the canon Fulbert, uncle to Eloisa, lived. Here, although the house had been often rebuilt during six hundred years and upwards, there were still preserved two stone-medallions, which were called the busts of Abelard and Eloisa; but if they are the originals they have been much altered, as the costume they now have is that of the beginning of the seventeenth century; the fraise and the corset, such as you see on the statues of Madame de Gevres and Catherine de Clermont-Tonnerre, in the Museum of Monsieur Lenoir; and the moustaches of Abelard

and Roman cloke, show plainly the epoch in which they received their last decorations.

There is much more ground to go over, for a stranger at Paris, than in London, because the things to be visited lie farther asunder in length and breadth in the former, than the objects of research in the latter. The distance from St. James's to the India-house is the same nearly as from the Tuileries to the place du Trone; but the rue d'Enfer, to the rue du Fauxbourg St. Denis, is also more than three miles; whilst the distance from the Regent's Park to the House of Lords is but two. A foreigner must go to the New Docks, which are at least four miles from his hotel at the end of Pall Mall; and an Englishman, from the Fauxbourg St. Honoré, has as far to go to the Barrière d'Aulnay, or the Burying-ground of Pere Lachaise: now where there is one thing in London as far off as the turnpikes, there are twenty in Paris, within the barrières, or close to them. The domiciliated inhabitants of Paris

are not so many as six hundred thousand, those of London half as many more; but to the lesser number must be added the foreigners, the King's guard, and the Princes', the national, or the police, and the numerous garrison.

The dome of the Invalids at Paris is fifty feet in its inner diameter; that of St. Paul's in London one hundred and eight; of St. Peter's at Rome, equal to the Pantheon, one hundred and thirty-eight.

The Pont Neuf is one thousand and twenty feet long by seventy-two, Westminster bridge one thousand two hundred and twenty by forty-four.

The new statue of Henri IV. to be opened on the Pont Neuf, will not, perhaps, be so fine, or so full of history as the last, which was the first of the kind erected at Paris. It was of bronze, and set up in 1635, and pulled down in 1792. The horse was begun at Florence, by Giovanni Bologna, a pupil of Michael Angelo, finished by Pietro Tacca, and sent as a

present to Mary of Medicis, widow of Henri IV. It was shipped at Leghorn, and the vessel was lost near Le Havre, on the Normandy coast; the horse remained a year in the sea, when it was fished up, and sent to Paris in 1614. The statue, once the idol of the Lutetians, was decorated with the national cockade after the revolution; and after the federation in 1790 it was fêted during three evenings magnificently; but, alas! in 1792, it was levelled by the fickle mob, and broken in pieces by the fall: the bronze was half an inch thick nearly, and the cavity was filled with brick and earth; the void space was first occupied by an alarm-gun, then a coffee-house, then an obelisk, lastly, by a plaster figure of the patriot king, on the second of May 1814, to be replaced by one in bronze.

In former letters from Paris I mentioned, if you remember, that the barber's sign had on it the words "Ici on rajeunit," here you may be made young again; not by the waters of the fountain of Jouvence, or the caldron of Medea,

but by having your beard taken off, and your hair dressed. The shops at Paris are distinguished by their colours : the brandy shops are painted red ; the barbers', blue ; the commercial, green. The waiters at the restaurateurs wear jackets and aprons, and at all the coffee-houses and ice-shops, except at the Mille Colonnes and the Palais Royal, where the costume is different, and the garçons are dressed in coats, waistcoats, and pantaloons, like their visitors. The churches are well attended even by the higher ranks ; and when the Curé perceives any one neglectful and careless of his duty, he lets him or her know that they are not good Catholics.

A Curé, or Rector, of a large parish waited on a lady of high distinction, to whom he was conducted from the anti-chamber into her apartment by two beautiful pages, and being seated, he regretted exceedingly, that he had not had the pleasure of seeing her Ladyship of late at mass, and hoped that indisposition had not

prevented her from coming to church. She thanked the Rector for his kind attention, and flattered herself he would permit her to pray at home. "Ah, Madame," he replied, "if the church prayer-books had as fine pages as your Ladyship's, I make no doubt I should see you much oftener." Bishop Bossuet's gardener, D'Alembert has told us, made the same sort of remark, on seeing his Lordship in his garden, which he seldom visited; but on going into it one day, commended the gardener for the great care he had taken in making it so trim. The gardener expressed his joy in seeing his master, and regretted much that he had not had that pleasure more frequently, and added, that if I planted Chrysostoms and Saint Austins Monseigneur would pay me daily visits.

The plains of Pantin, in the road to Bondy, produce a great revenue by the sale of la pou-drette, or rich manure of Paris, which is there dried and reduced to powder, and sold for the purpose of being strewed on corn-lands. La

poudrette has been tried for orange-trees and flowers, but does not agree with either, although it greatly improves onions.

The French have always some new hobby-horse. In 1816 the one they rode was near the Barrière du Roule, called the Montagnes Russes, of which we saw a specimen in the ballet Russe, at our own Opera-house. In 1817 the magnificent garden of Beaujon was thrown open with the improvement of a descent to the right and left, and an ascent. The car is drawn up to the point from which it starts, and the person in it, The projector of the mountain du Roule having made a fortune, transferred his machinery to the Fauxbourg du Temple in September last, and drew vast crowds to his new theatre in an opposite direction. Le Saut de Niagare was also announced about the same time at the Ruggieri-gardens, where the fall is still more terrible, by being more perpendicular; but the French ladies are not to be daunted, although now and then, from the highest to the

lowest, some one has the misfortune d'être écartée.

I shall now leave you, having arrived at the foot of the mountain, and conclude my long letter without a word of politics, though I know you wish much to be told my opinion on the stability of the French monarchy, after the demise of the present King, who, in order to secure the succession of the throne to his relatives, has taken his officers out of the enemy's camp, and his ministers from the opposition. They say a great man had a dream, which he told to a certain dutchess. The great man dreamt that the tester of his bed, "le ciel de son lit," fell down upon him; upon which the dutchess exclaimed, "Juste Ciel!" Adieu till we meet.

A Table of the Altitudes of the highest Mountains of the Alps, from Mount Jura to Mont Blanc.

	Fathoms.
The principal needles of the valley of Chamouni, in fathoms above the sea ..	1330
Antherne, Huts (Chalets)	920
Col, or neck	1160
Aost (City of,)	305
Arberon, Col de	780
Argentiere, aiguille (Needle)	2015
Arpenas (Meadows,)	266
Point from which the cascade falls is eight hundred feet above the valley.	
Arrache, a village	550
Balme, neck of,	1187
Bar (Huts of the meadow)	1030
Bernard, Convent of the great St. Bernard	1246

	Fathoms:
Blanc (Mont)	2450
Has eight hundred and seventeen fathoms less than Chimborazo.	
Bon homme (Cross of)	1255
Bonneville	227
Bougy (Signal of) at the foot of the Jura	451
Breven	1306
Breuil, Horn, or Breithorn in Valais ..	2002
Buet	1578
Cenis (Mont)	1060
Cervin (Mont) in the Valais	2309
Chamouny (Priory)	524
Chanalette (Top of) near St. Bernard	1403
Cornu (Lake)	1160
Côte (Mountain of)	1319
Courmayeur	630
Dôle (Jura)	847
Dru (Needle)	1948
Fenetre (Top) near St. Bernard	1466

TABLE.

125

	Fathoms.
Ferret (Col)	1195
Huts	859
Finsteraarhorn, Berne	2206
Flaine (Lake of)	714
Flegere (Cross of) about	1100
Fours (Top of)	1396
Gallenstosh, Berne	1880
Giant (Col du)	1763
Needle of	2174
Geneva (Lake)	188
Gervais (Saint) village	408
Baths of	305
Gothard (St.) highest point	1662
Grès (Glacier of)	1225
Jardin (Le)	1414
Joly (Mount)	1363
Joux (Lake of)	505
Jungfrauhorn, Berne	2148
Martigny (Valley of)	249

	Fathoms.
Megeve (Valley)	580
Midi (Needle)	2009
The foot	1368
Dent (in the Valais)	1633
Môle (Le)	948
Montanvert	954
Pissevache (cascade) two hundred and seventy feet.	
Plateau, second of Mont Blanc, where Saussure lay	1995
Remy (St.) Col.	1650
Rogne (La) near the Bon Homme	2070
Rose, in the Valais	2430
Salenches	280
Servos	428
Varenes (Needle)	1388
Vélan (Mont) en Valais	1722
Verte (Needle)	2094

Posting from Geneva to Milan by the Simplon.

	Posts.
From Geneva to Douvaines	2½
Thonon	2
Evian	1½
St. Gingoulph	2½
Vionna	2¼
St. Maurice	2¼
Martigny	2¼
Riddes	2¼
Sion	2¼
Sierne	2¼
Tortumagne	2¼
Viege	2¼
Brigg	1½
Berisall	3
Simplon	3
Isell	2¼
Domo d'Ossola	2¼
Vogogna	2

	Posts.
Baveno *	3
Sesto Calende	2½
Arona	1
Cassina buon Gésu	2
Rhô	1½
Milan	1¼

* At Baveno you embark to see the Borsomean Islands.

INDEX.

A		Page
ACADEMY	1
Ædicules	4
Aerobate	107
Alesia	38
Altars	5
Amulets	14
Antiquities	16—50
Anvil round at one end, and square at the other, like an Egyp- tian shield (Hamil- ton's Ægyptiaca, 4to. p. 117)	23
Arve	92
Arveiron	92
Atlas	11
Austin (St.)	120
Auxois	38
B		
Balances	16
Bande noir	112
Barber's device	118
		Page
Bar-le-Duc	1
Bayard	ibid.
Beaujon	121
Belles Lettres	2
Belme	67
Bernard (St.)	65, 66
Boar	12
Bon mot	119, 122
Bossons	91
Broken Bridge	74, 75
Bronze	9
Buet	92
Bulletin	1
C		
Cæsar	34
Calais	44
Cascade	72, 86
Celeriferes	45
Cellars	5
Châlons	1
Châlons-sur-Marne	..	37
Chamois	91
Chamouni	..	65, 87, 89, 90

INDEX.

131

	Page		Page
Griel	114	Landlady (eloquent) ..	77
Guerre civile	97	Lares	35
..... H		Latrines	2, 6
Haldimand	59	Lausanne	46
Handles	14	Lead	9
Hannibal	69	Lenoir	115
Henri IV. (statue of)		Library	102
..... 113, 117		Library (King's own) ..	47
Hercules	11	Lingones	36
Horlogers	101	Livy	34
House-book of Philip		London and Paris com-	
le Bel	82	pared	116
Houses	3	Ludlow	62
..... I J			
Jaman	63	M	
Java	47	Massena	74
Jingo (St.)	77	Maurice	65
Improvements	113	Medals	8
Inscription	48, 67	Mercury	10
Jordan	115	Meurice	45
Iselle	73	Missal	47
Jupiter	10	Money spent by Eng-	
..... K		lish	110
Killikrankie	55	Monnet	78
..... L		Montagne	33
Lake of Geneva	83	Mont Blanc, like the	
Lamps	14	Chanelin of Tartary,	
		ever white	95, 96
		Montmartre	45
		Morcles	76
		Mules	94

		Page			Page
N					
Napoleon	70		Rhône and Arve	83	
Neuchatel	57		Rings	16	
Niagare	121		Road to Geneva	83	
Nismes	35		Roman	17	
Niton	81		Rosa	68	
O			Rousseau	101	
Oche (dent de)	79		Rubens	46, 83	
Odessa	79		Ruggieri	121	
Ovens	7		Russians	74	
P			S		
Papyrus	81		Sallenche	93	
Paris	43, 46		Samos	35	
Patera	12		Samson	109	
Peutinger	34		Sceyb	34, 36	
Phalères	14		Scipio	69	
Phalli	14		Scipion	47	
Pictures	82		Secheron	103	
Pipes	7		Sempronius	69	
Pissevache	64, 65		Sens	50	
Pliny	36		Servos	86, 87	
Poet of Mont Blanc	95, 96		Sevigné	52	
Polybius	36		Sevres	114	
Pont Neuf	117		Shops	119	
Pope (the)	49		Silver	9	
Potter's pits	7		Simpeln	72	
Pottery (fine)	6		Simplon	43, 73, 69	
R			Sion	67, 68	
Ram	12		Spoons	12	
			Statue	11	
			Stockalper	68	
			Streets	6	

INDEX.

133

	Page		Page
Swisserland	46	Velociferes	45
T		Vercingetorix	39
Tacitus	37	Vernet	46
Talma	44, 108	Versailles	114
Tavernier	106	Vesuvius	33
Temples	2	Vevey	78
Tin	9	Vienna	36
Toulouse	47	Voltaire	61, 84, 96
Town (Roman)	2	Volute	11
Trient	65	Vyon	76
Trinity	49	Y	
Tureau	74	Yverdun	59, 104
V		W	
Valais	78	Wells	6
Valorsine	67	Z	
Van Brienon	79	Zinc	9
Vases	35		

THE END.

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